

The Half Holiday



No. 1759 (New Series No. 37).

Saturday, 21st July, 1923.

Twopence.



QUITE AT HOME WITH HER B(U)OY.



LARK'S "ANCHOR" THREADS are unrivalled for every kind of Washable Embroidery, fine or bold, as for Knitted Jumpers, Sports Hats, Gloves, Stockings and Scarves. There are special threads for EACH in white and lovely fadeless colours. They have silky smoothness, are strong and even and easy to work. Obtainable at all Drapers and Needlework Depôts, with patterns, transfers and leaflets of instruction.

"ANCHOR" Threads are seven in number:

COTON A BRODER
STRANDED COTTON
FILOSHEEN

VELVENO
FLOX
FIL D'ECOSSE

FLOSS EMBROIDERY

All made by

CLARK & CO LTD
PAISLEY



READ
HOW YOU ARE
BED in LONDON.
SEE PAGE FOUR.



READ
ANSTRUTHER'S
WIFE.
SEE PAGE ELEVEN.

"THE HALF-HOLIDAY."

and to any part of the World, post free: 3 months, 6s.; 12 months (including all Specials), 12s. In stamps or P.O.O.'s to THE EDITOR, "THE SLOPERIES," 7A, WHITE CHURCH LANE, LONDON, E.C.

Orders and Contents Bills will be sent post free on application. Reading Cases, free of Hotels, Restaurants, etc.

Contributors wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be published, must enclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Under no circumstances will attention be given to work sent without approval. Do not enclose loose stamps.

SCARLET SACRIFICE.

usually wore high-heeled, red morocco slippers called. They had fluffy rosettes, and there was a glimpse of silk stocking of exactly the same colour. Sometimes she caressed Foo-Foo's paw with her toe. Foo-Foo was the Japanese dog. He had grown to hate the dog.

He had a keen sense of the artistic fitness of his life. One day he called in at Robinson's and saw two gorgeous scarlet crinkled satin bands, with bows and buckles of gun-metal. On one buckle there was a bowknot and on the other a horseshoe set in little white stones.

One evening he called. Of course, Foo-Foo was there. He could cheerfully have killed the dog, and he did insultingly at it when she wasn't looking. Foo only yawned and laid its cheek against his foot.

"Something nice for you to-night," he said. She looked interested. Then he gave her the bands. She opened it and looked at them, not at him. She looked somewhat startled.

"You are very smart," she said, but without smiling; "the colour is—"

"Exact match," he said, looking at the floor. "I suppose—"

"Of course, as to the size," he said hurriedly. "May I have your pardon?" said she with a somewhat affected smile.

"Could—er—only guess," he said boldly.

There was an awkward pause. She still looked at the box as though it contained a boa constrictor. "If they are not right," he said, "they can be returned, I fancy?"

"Yes—of course."

"It is customary—I believe," he began—

"She said; 'you may go!'" He might have been a messenger boy the way she said it. She flung the bands carefully into the cushions.

"What do you mean?" he asked wonderingly.

"Love me!" she said haughtily. She had heard a play once. She hoped he'd leave the other two, for they were very, very pretty.

"I am sure I cannot understand you," he said at last coldly. "I thought you'd like them. You are so fond of him."

He looked at him for the first time as though he was losing his sanity. But his face was grave and stern.

"Who?" she asked.

"Foo-Foo, of course," he said easily, slipping one of the circlets over the dog's neck, where it lay idly.

A great light broke over her cheeks in a rush of pure joy.

"Fo-oo-oo-Foo!" she exclaimed, her face lit up with smiles. "How perfectly lovely of you!"

She moved impulsively towards him in her confusion.

"Of course! Who else?" he asked, taking her in his arms.

"What for?" she said, with a puzzled look which was a trifle overdone; "why two?"

"Just a moment he was puzzled. 'Er—just a moment—' you know," he said magnificently.

GIRLS ONE SEES.



THE CRYSTAL GAZER.

RHYMES OF THE TIMES.

BY OUR "HALF-HOLIDAY" RHYMSTER.

TERPSICHORE.

She's up to date? Well, ask her. Rather!
Your fin de siècle goes no farther,
And at her lamp-lit shrine
Each Johnny, whether young or old,
Impoverished, wallowing in gold,
Teems with affection still untold
To speak of her as "mine."

She is not sparing of a smile,
But, like the serpent, full of guile
Yet plays the gentle dove,
And in silken tights or hose,
Sealskins and satins, Paris clothes,
A dainty nymph—beneath the rose
She is a precious love.

A pretty, smiling, artless child,
Such innocence was ne'er beguiled
To midnight supper surely!
Those ruby lips know not the taste
Of Irroy—round that taper waist,
No "Chappie's" arm was rashly placed,
Oh! fairies love more purely.

Still, fondly as I love to think
"Of them as pays" who never drink
But milk or sparkling waters,
A dim suspicion seizes me
That artlessness may sometimes be
A cloak for manners that we see
In all Eve's erring daughters.

"I HAVE A SONG TO SING, HO!"

By "THE BARD."

MISTAKEN.

Oh! Ruby bright
Brighter by far
Than the stars of the night,
Gleam o'er the bar,
Where the waters of Lethe are dreaming.
Little you know
Of the passion I feel,
The ebb and the flow
Of the pulses that reel,
Or the thoughts in my brain which are teeming.

Fashion it is
To apostrophise thus,
Each sweet little miss—
A Rosetti-like fuss
Turns my muse upside down and distracted.
Yaur eyes they are—what?
Veiled by lashes so long,
Blue or grey, violet shot,
Am I coming it strong?
(Not the first time I've foolishly acted.)

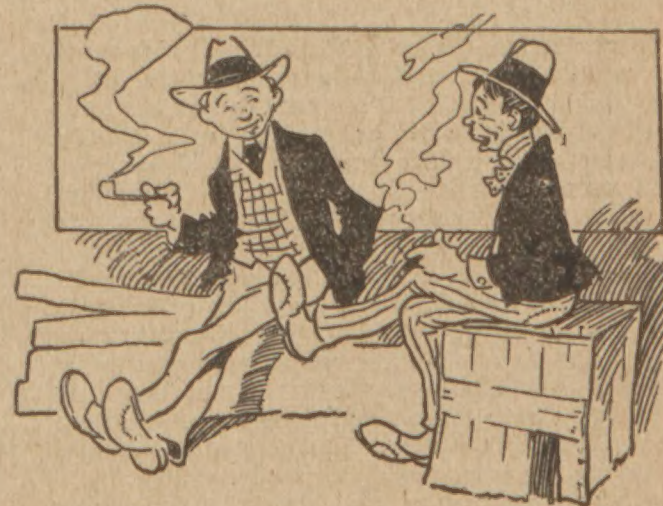
Tell me your name,
My sweetest, my own,
So in letters of flame
May your beauty be shown:
To a world that must always admire you.
I'll proclaim to them all
The light of your eyes,
How they hold me in thrall,
And he who denies—
Has my foolish extravagance tired you?

You'll let me know
What 'tis to be
So fast, and so
I soon shall see
How absurd my fanatical bliss is?
I'm sorry indeed
This mistake to have made;
Take the will for the deed,
I am sorely afraid
'Twas a miss; but it turns out a Mrs

"How is business?"
"Improving. Last year my income was nearly as large as my income tax the year before."

They met and danced, and danced again, and after the fourth or fifth he asked his partner, "Who is that man? He's been following us all the evening, and sometimes I thought he was gathering nerve to try to annoy you."

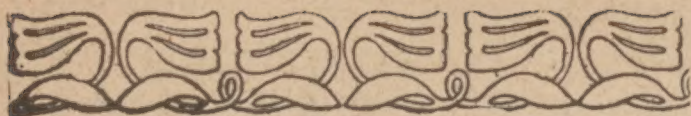
"Don't bother about him," replied the girl, "he's only the man that paid for my ticket."



COME AND SEE.

TOM: I can't realise, old chap, that you are a father.

GEORGE: Can't you? Just come round and spend the night with me.



How You are Robbed in London.

Confessions of a Crook.

No. 3.—THE SOUL OF A WOMAN.



MENTIONED in the adventure I recounted last week, "How I caught the Yorkshireman," that the pawnticket was sent to my best girl, who redeemed the notes and got the splosh. Now, my idea was to blow the splosh and have a good time, but Maude said, "No, money is too hard to get to waste. I have the stuff, George, and I mean to stick to it, and go into some little business that will provide us with an income."

This, of course, was sound, common sense, but it's an extraordinary thing that men on the cross, like myself, would rather make a "crook" fiver and risk penal servitude than make fifty on the straight. However, you can lead but you can't drive a woman, so I put my thinking-cap on, and after some hours

Some years ago, however, Solomon wrote, "Time and opportunity cometh to all men," and in due course it came to me. One lovely summer's afternoon a tall lady closely veiled called at my sanctum and asked for Professor Zorastris. By a stroke of good fortune Maude was out, so I had the advantage of interviewing her alone.

"Pray be seated, madame," I said when she entered. What may I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

She sighed deeply, and said, "Can I rely on your discretion?"

"Certainly," was my response.

"My father was a Devonshire clergyman," she began, "and for many years I lived with him at the rectory. My mother had died before I was twelve, and as my father never married again, I became the mistress of the rectory soon after I left school at the age of sixteen."

"That was many years ago," was my mental comment.

"My father was a morose man, averse to society, but devoted to natural history. In scientific circles his name is well known, and I believe his work on the 'Communitistic Customs of Common Cockroaches' has been translated into every language, and is considered a classic on the subject."

"On account of my father's strange pursuits I passed my girlhood and early womanhood in comparative solitude. Of course, I used to visit the villagers, whose conversation was limited to the crops, although occasionally some up-to-date person would say, 'Miss, wouldst be so kind as to read the murders in the Lunnion Sunday paper,' but society I had none."



BOROTHY (remembering an unfortunate breakfast): Auntie, is that where the bad eggs come from?

spent in cogitation, I resolved to advise Maude as to the nature of the business we should embark in.

"My girl," I said, "I've been thinking your proposal over, and I quite agree with you. Maude, you're as clever as you're pretty. What do you think if we took a nice little flat in the West End and started as Beauty Doctors? There's money in it."

We had a serious conversation and the result was that Maude agreed, and a fortnight afterwards we opened a nice little establishment not far from Cambridge Circus and announced to all and sundry that Professor and Madame Zorastris, who had just returned to London from the Far East, where they had been studying the secret lore of the Mahatmas, were anxious to demonstrate that they could restore lost youth and beauty and give sixty the semblance of sixteen.

We did only fairly at first. Our clients consisted mainly of slaveys, and we charged them three half-crowns for cosmetics they could buy in any chemists for a shilling.

A LADY'S LIFE STORY.

Some years ago, however, Solomon wrote, "Time and opportunity cometh to all men," and in due course it came to me. One lovely summer's afternoon a tall lady closely veiled called at my sanctum and asked for Professor Zorastris. By a stroke of good fortune Maude was out, so I had the advantage of interviewing her alone.

"Pray be seated, madame," I said when she entered. What may I have the pleasure of doing for you?"

She sighed deeply, and said, "Can I rely on your discretion?"

"Certainly," was my response.

"My father was a Devonshire clergyman," she began, "and for many years I lived with him at the rectory. My mother had died before I was twelve, and as my father never married again, I became the mistress of the rectory soon after I left school at the age of sixteen."

"That was many years ago," was my mental comment.

"My father was a morose man, averse to society, but devoted to natural history. In scientific circles his name is well known, and I believe his work on the 'Communitistic Customs of Common Cockroaches' has been translated into every language, and is considered a classic on the subject."

"On account of my father's strange pursuits I passed my girlhood and early womanhood in comparative solitude. Of course, I used to visit the villagers, whose conversation was limited to the crops, although occasionally some up-to-date person would say, 'Miss, wouldst be so kind as to read the murders in the Lunnion Sunday paper,' but society I had none."

"Can't you guess?" was her reply, and she lifted her veil, disclosing a face that was like a withered rose and hair that was prematurely grey.

HER SECRET.

To see all was to understand all. She was elderly, she had money, and she was either in love or she wished someone to fall in love with her. Hence her visit. She had read our advertisements and thought that we might by our skill restore her faded cheeks and grizzled hair the semblance of her past youth.

On the straight I might have worked her for fifty or so; but, as I said before, a man of my disposition can never go straight when temptation comes in his way. Gradually I wormed myself into her confidence, and discovered that there was a young man, who, if he only loved her, she would willingly give her fortune; but, like all women, she wanted to be loved for herself alone, and for this purpose the poor little fly had walked into mine, the spider's parlour, for the purpose of being faked up to look attractive!

"Yes," I said, after I had heard her full story, "I can commence with your hair and restore it to its pristine beauty."

Her face lightened up as she thanked me. I then did something I have since felt ashamed of. I have a rough knowledge of chemistry, and instead of giving her an ordinary bottle of hair dye and charging £5 for it, I, as I knew her story and realised her position, deliberately gave her a bottle of lotion, which would have the effect of turning her hair a sickly olive green, and which would render it impossible for her to appear in public.

A ROGUE'S CONSCIENCE.

She paid £10 and went away, and I drowned my compunctions of conscience by reflecting that people showed me no mercy when I was caught, and therefore why should I trouble about people whom I was lucky enough to catch?

Two days afterwards a letter came to my place from the lady imploring me to visit her and see the terrible injury I had caused to her hair.

I sent a typewritten reply to the effect that I was in Paris and would be there for a fortnight.

The reply was another letter addressed to my manager, as she thought, begging me to return regardless of cost.

My manager—that is, myself—replied that the business was so important that Professor Zorastris was engaged upon that £500 would barely repay him to return to London.

Back came the wire promptly. "I shall cheerfully pay £1,000 if he will come at once." That did the trick. I was never greedy, although in that case I could have got a lot more. I called and saw the lady, expressed my profuse regrets, bleached her hair with peroxide, and then, after a little fakement, to impress her with my scientific knowledge—which her lifetime spent with her old fool of a father rendered her prone to believe, I succeeded with the aid of an expenditure of a guinea on genuine hair dye in restoring her hair to its original colour.

A course of face massage and a little skilful touching up by Maude made her quite presentable, and although I pocketed £1,000, the poor old thing felt genuinely grateful to me, for she eventually succeeded in marrying the man she loved.

You can never understand the soul of a woman. Would you believe it? Ten years after I had swindled her she read of my arrest in the papers, and turned up of her own accord and gave evidence in my favour. More than this, when I was sentenced to "three of the best," she sent Maude £2 a week all the time I was in stir, and on the morning of my release I was handed a letter containing five £5 notes which was signed in writing I well remembered, "Your Grateful Friend!"

THE ATONEMENT.

An alchemist, in long past years,
Reduced in his retort
A diamond—'twas maidens' tears
I learn from his report.

A ruby was composed, he found,
Of blushes of a maiden.
A sapphire blue was, I'll be bound
A maiden's eyes, love-laden.

Man caused the blushes and the tears
The love—and he atones
By calling these—Heaven bless the dears!—
The three most precious stones.

AN AMAZING DISCOVERY.

"I mention these things, professor, just to impress upon you what a miserably girlhood I spent."

"Some months ago my father died. I was his sole heir, and, to my astonishment, when his will was read, I found I was worth over £30,000."

"It was a revelation. I who had lived in genteel poverty, I who had been in the habit of wearing gowns for two years to save money, discovered that I was in the possession of almost limitless wealth. I promptly resolved to leave Devonshire, and for the first time in my life enjoyed myself. Since I have been in London I have surrounded myself with every luxury that wealth can buy, but still I am unhappy. I cannot purchase my lost youth, my beauty is faded, and nobody loves me," and my visitor, saying these words, broke down and wept.

I have a bit of a heart left, strange to say, so I soothed her to the best of my ability, and eventually asked her what could I do for her and why had she visited me.



A MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM.

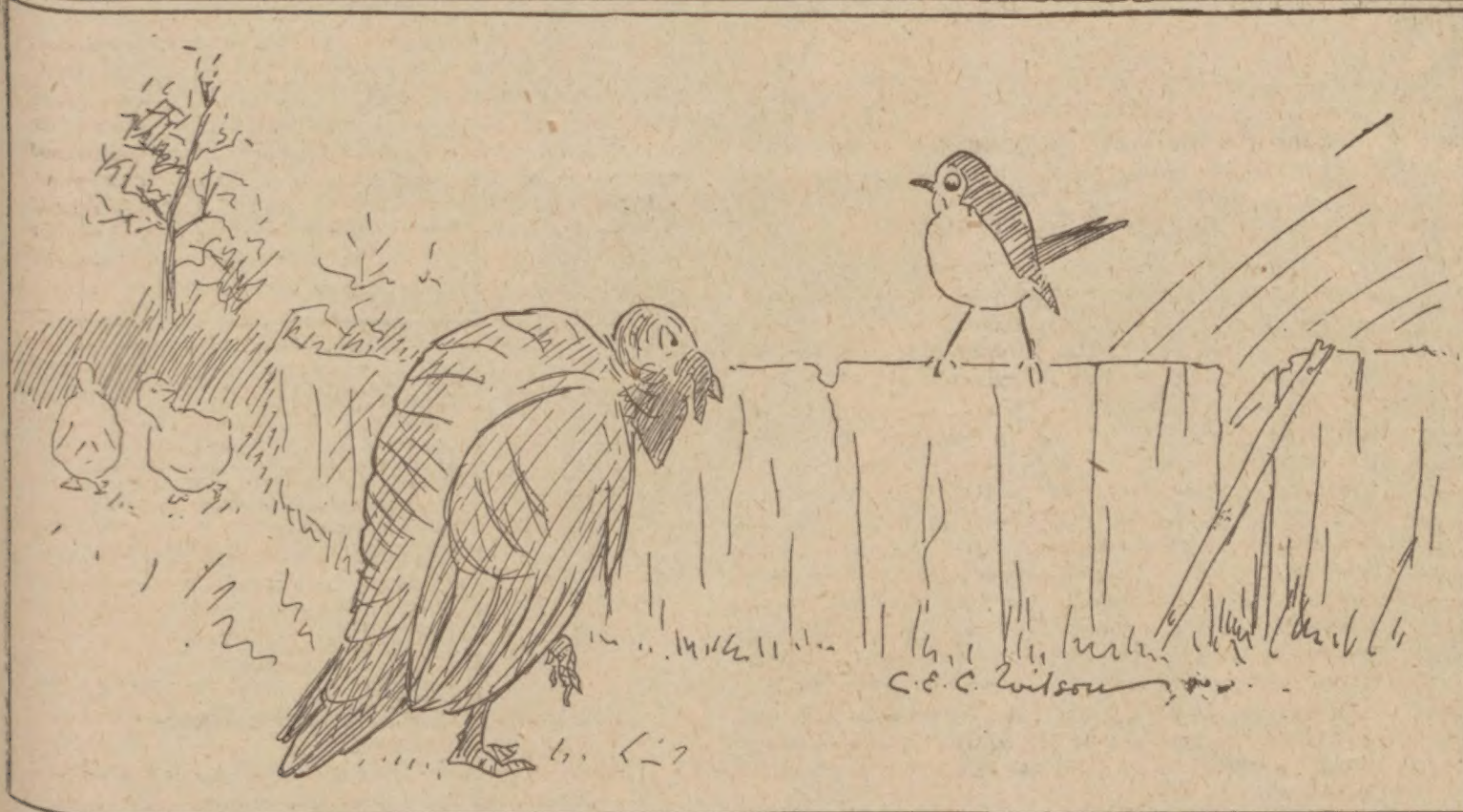
He sang a song to her nut-brown hair,
Her rosy cheeks, her brow so fair;
He praised her eyes, and said that there
Was sunlight in them hid;
The maiden fixed him with her stare,
And said: "No bloomin' kid!"



GRANDMA: Now, take these sweets and stay somewhere were I'll know where to find you.
GRANDSON: Then leck me in the pantry, granny.



OLD SALT: Supposing now, young lady, that you were a man and I a smart little lass, would you try to kiss me?
THE GIRL: I don't know, I'm sure. What would you do?



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.



HER FIRST MILESTONE OF FAME.

Adventures of a Lady Detective.

No. 3.—THE LEAF OF THE OLD ENTANGLEMENT.



IT was certainly a terrible position for a young married man to be placed in, Olga thought as she listened to Sir Rupert Varney's stumbling explanation, and by no means a nice story for a man to tell a lady, and a young and pretty one at that.

But little sins, like curses and chickens, often come home to roost, and Varney's indiscretion had come home with a vengeance.

"Does your wife know about this?" Olga asked, when the recital was finished.

"Unfortunately, yes. Indeed, in a quiet little place like this it would be quite out of the question to keep it from her. So I made a clean breast of the matter, and though she was shocked and hurt at first, like a sensible little woman she came to see it in the proper light, and determined to make the best of it; but latterly the persecution has become more than we can bear."

Olga, during the three days she had been down at Varney Croft, had seen something of the persecution in question. She had seen her host meet the woman crossing the fields. She had seen the latter stop the baronet, and when, after a few words, he had passed on his way, the tawdry, brazen creature, half mad with passion, shook her fist at the retreating form of Sir Rupert. Altogether his position was one that few people would have been inclined to envy. Sir Rupert was at his wits' ends, and would have given anything to be rid of his incubus.

FATAL ERROR.

"She haunts me day and night," he went on. "Of course, you can see she is quite a common

creature, and before my marriage I gave her one thousand pounds, and told her that I should not want to see her again. It was a fatal mistake, because it led the woman into drunken habits, and it brought out all the fiend in her nature, so that the love she once professed is turned to hate. I give her money time after time, but it only renders her more daring and independent. And yet, situated as I am, with my position in the county, I dare not refuse anything she asks in that way, and if it became public property it would break my wife's heart."

Olga retired to the room set apart for her use to think the matter over. The problem was a difficult and delicate one, as she knew that any threat made against the woman who called herself Laura Mason would only be treated with contempt, and perhaps with an outburst which might make a blaze of scandal in the county.

Ordinary diplomacy was quite out of place here. It was almost impossible, Olga thought, that such a woman had nothing in her past to conceal. To begin with, Varney had met her in his old bachelor days in the third row of the chorus of a London theatre more celebrated for its complacent corps de ballet than anything else, and during the whole time she had been dependent upon his bounty. Again, for eighteen months before his marriage he had seen little or nothing of her, as he had quite tired of the bold charms of Miss Mason, and, indeed, he only continued to maintain her in the luxury to which she was not accustomed, because, manlike, he was afraid of a scene.

HER AMIABLE INTENTION.

But when he got married and discontinued the allowance Laura Mason's temper showed itself. Moreover, in consequence of certain habits of intemperance, she had lost her position at the theatre, and the final sum paid to her having been exhausted, she set out for Varney's country seat with the amiable intention of making his life a burden to him.

"The best thing you can do is to go away for a time and leave matters entirely to me," Olga suggested, when she had turned the matter over in her own mind. "You must allow me to remain here as your guest whilst you are away, and let me do just as I please. Go away at once for a week or two. Let your destination remain unknown, but allow me to know where a telegram will find you."

Sir Rupert was only too glad to act upon this suggestion, which, needless to say, quite commended itself to his wife, upon whom the strain was beginning to tell. Up to the present Laura Mason had made no open demonstration at Varney Croft; but on the fifth day, when she found that her prey had escaped her, she gave way to a fit of passion, which became none the less marked as she found it impossible to discover whither her victim had gone. She had run through her last lot of money, and the situation was by no means a pleasant one.

Exactly what Olga anticipated happened, and for the first time Laura plucked up the courage to call at Varney Croft. But Olga was on the watch for her, and herself admitted the creature into the house, where she speedily filled the drawing-room, large as it was, with an odour of strong waters.

A FEARLESS WOMAN.

It is one thing to browbeat a man over whom you hold a nameless power, but quite another to be confronted with a cool, fearless woman, whose foot is on her native heath, so to speak, and who regards you with cold curiosity.

"Take a seat," Olga said calmly. "I have heard of you before."

This was not quite the reception that Miss Mason had expected, and it rather took her aback for the moment; but, despite her oppressive surroundings, the native audacity of the woman re-asserted itself.

"What, all about me?" she sneered. "You must have heard a precious deal, then!"

"I have," Olga replied in the same calm manner. "I know all about your part in the relationship in which you stood to Sir Rupert Varney. He has gone away from home, and it is uncertain as to when he will return—certainly not as long as you remain in the neighbourhood. I may tell you from him that you will receive no more money."

"Oh, indeed! Do you know what I shall do if I don't get it?"

"You will create a disturbance here, after which you will be locked up and charged with being drunk and disorderly. Understand, there must be no nonsense with me. I shall appear against you on that charge, so that you will not be able to drag Sir Rupert into court. You will certainly not make yourself a nuisance here."



FIRST PASSENGER (occupying two seats): I'll move, don't eat me!
SECOND PASSENGER (politely): Can't! I'm a Hebrew.

YOUTH RESTORED BY DAMAROIDS

Damaroids are a safe and sure Cure for General Weakness, Spinal Exhaustion, Physical Decay, Loss of Nerve Power, etc. They are a Unique and Wonderful Specific for Weak Men and Women, Effectually Restore Lost Vitality and Stamina, counteract results of late hours and excesses. "Damaroids" is the True Nerve-Spinal Tonic. "Damaroids" give new Liquid Life. Sold in boxes 3s. and 5s. post free, or the Special Extra Strong 12s. per box, which take effect in a few minutes. Sample packet post free. Phone, call, or write,

Messrs. A. S. DAMAROID COMPY.,
48, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.
(Opposite Daly's Theatre.)
Business Hours 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES

Our 1923 Illustrated Catalogue of Surgical Appliances, Belts, Syringes, Elastic Hosiery, Trusses, Suspensory Bandages, Enemas, and Surgical Goods of every description sent FREE to any part of the world in sealed cover.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES.

We supply the best value for any remittance by return of post. All customers send back repeat orders. Ladies may write to the Manageress for advice on all subjects. Call or write—

MESSRS. A.S. HYGIENIC STORES, LTD.,
95, Charing Cross Road,
London W.C.2.
Phone: Regent 823. Grams: "Hygistor," London.
Hours, 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.
Largest & Oldest Estd. Manufacturers in the World.

A scornful laugh trembled on the listener's lip, but it did not come forth.

Like most of her class, the woman was an utter coward, and knew she had met her match in Olga.

GOOD ADVICE.

"But what am I to do?" she asked. "I have no money at all."

"Do as other people do—earn it. You will get no more."

It was wonderful what a change was worked by a little timely resolution. Olga listened for some time to a long catalogue of the speaker's woes, at the end of which time she rose, ostensibly to get her purse, and retired for that purpose. On her return she counted three one-pound notes into the hand of the now penitent Miss Mason, who received it only too gladly.

That she would return for more directly that was gone, Olga did not doubt for one moment. It was curious, too, how desperately anxious the woman was to be gone now, a circumstance at which Olga smiled to herself.

"It worked exactly as I expected," she said as she watched the retreating figure of Miss Mason. In a quiet place like this that money will last her about ten days. A day later, and we shall see her once more, and after that Sir Rupert will be free from his incubus."

The next two days passed quietly enough, and on the evening of the third Olga went down to the village with the intention of calling upon the erstwhile ballet-girl, a pleasure which was not without an ulterior motive.

"Indeed, madam, she is not here," the old woman in whose cottage Miss Mason condescended to reside, replied to Miss Olga's question. "She went over to Nestbury yesterday, and said she should not be back till this evening. For my part, although she does owe me money, I shan't be sorry if she don't come back at all."

With a triumphant smile on her face Olga walked back to Varney Croft. Once there she ordered a horse to be put into a trap and drove into Nestbury. She was clad as quietly as possible, so as to attract but little attention, which was necessary, as, strange to say, her business was with Nestbury's only pawnbroker, who lived in the lowest part of the town.

It was an hour later that she returned to the Mitre, where her trap awaited her, and drove off towards Varney Croft, well satisfied with her errand. She hardly stayed to swallow her dinner before she walked down to the village, and, without standing



GARDNER: The trouble is, to make fowls pay.

LAWYER FRIEND: Summons them, my friend, summons them!

PROPER CLASSIFICATION.

"Borrowing is a disease," said Bigbee in self-justification.

"And lending is insanity," replied Small significantly.

—)o(—

THAT TERRIBLE CHILD.

"Mr. Wimble, may I look at your watch?" said little Jimmie.

"Certainly, little man," said Mr W. indulgently, smiling at Jimmie's grown up sister.

"You mustn't worry Mr. Wimble, dear," said Phyllis the elder in a sweet, maidenly voice. "And, Jimmie, mother said you were to go to bed at eight o'clock. Come along now."

Jimmie settled his angel face into a grizzle.

"Come, now, don't cry in front of Mr. Wimble," said sister soothingly.

"Shan't!" burst out the youngster. "Want to see old Wimble and you play cards."

"I'm shocked at you speaking of Mr. Wimble in that manner," gravely broke in Phyllis. "And we're not going to play cards."

"Oh, yes, you are," bawled out Jimmie, struggling from his sister's grasp, "'cos I heard ma tell you everything depended on the way you played your cards to-night."

—)o(—

HOW TO WALK.

The most beautiful woman in the world appears ungainly if she does not know how to manage her feet.

Don't look at your feet when walking, but hold your head well up in the air.

Don't shuffle your feet.

Don't bend back at the waist under the impression that you are thereby walking erectly. It throws the stomach forward, and is almost as inimical to grace as round shoulders.

Finally, don't allow yourself to walk "pigeon-toed," that is, with the toes turned in or straight. You can never be graceful in movement while you do this.

Heavy skirts and tight corsets are quite incompatible with freedom of motion.

Do not bother about the shoulders.

Hold the chest well forward, and they will take care of themselves. Then, with the chin well up and the toes turned out, you may literally "walk a chalk line."



AFTER CLOSING TIME.

Robert never fails to find refreshments, although the house has closed.

on any ceremony, entered the cottage where Miss Mason was, she having just returned.

"How do you do?" the latter nodded familiarly. "I was just coming to see you."

"Yes! I have saved you the trouble. I suppose your errand was for more money?"

"Yes, that's about the size of it. And I mean to have it, too."

"I think not," Olga said coldly. "You are too extravagant altogether. I gave you three pounds three days ago, and in addition to that you have had eleven pounds for the extra articles you stole out of the drawing-room when you called the other day, and which you pawned at Nestbury with Sneling. I have identified them."

OLGA'S VICTORY.

Olga did not add that she had informed the Nestbury pawnbroker that the things had been taken by a servant in a moment of temptation, and that she had been sent to redeem them so as to hush the matter up, the pawnbroker being only too glad to say nothing, and thus escape from what looked like being an awkward scrape for him.

"You don't mean that?" Miss Mason asked, paling through her rouge. "I don't think you—"

"Well, the police will settle that," Olga went on, delighted with the success of the scheme she had planned. "I have carte blanche to do as I like here, and those things are now in the hands of the police, with a full description of you. Don't count upon Sir Rupert now. You will be committed for trial on my information before he can return, and then nothing can save you—not even his interference. I need not point out to you what is likely to happen when your character comes to be investigated."

The battle was over, the enemy collapsed altogether. She rose, white and trembling, as Olga disappeared without another word. In the dusk of the evening a woman's figure made its way across the fields to the nearest railway-station, and at ten o'clock the same night Miss Mason walked out of Paddington Station and disappeared into the crowd with a feeling of relief.

"We shall see no more of her," Olga observed reflectively as she reached home. "It was a risky thing, but the only one under the circumstances."

For some time after his return Sir Rupert Varney moved about the neighbourhood a little suspiciously, but as the months rolled by he began to realise that he had felt the last of that youthful indiscretion.

NEXT WEEK No. 4: THE LEAF OF THE SOCIETY ACTRESS.



DOCTOR (to patient with gout): Auto suggestion is the cure for you, my dear sir! Say every time you imagine you feel pain, "I'm as sound as a bell, I'm feeling quite well."

PATIENT (as a sudden twinge comes on): I'm as sound as a bell, I'm feeling like h—.



THE WINDOW GAZER.

She wears abbreviated skirts, yet does not golf nor wheel,
Nor tennis play, nor mad croquet
e'er caused her heart to rankle;
She does not ride a horse, nor shoot,
nor guide a plunging keel,
But wears them short, because she has a most bewitching ankle.



"How well I remember the night you proposed to me, George. You looked like a fool."
"Appearances are not always deceptive, my dear."



LOTTIE: Don't look at him like that. He'll think we want him to take us to lunch.

THE OTHER TWO: So we do.



"MORE PRECIOUS THAN RUBIES."
The pretty servant girl.



A Pretty Little Pussy who doesn't believe in Pussyfoot.



HE (waking up): Gracious, I must be in heaven! I can see the angels!



THE RULING PASSION.

"Do you know, Evelyn, I dreamt of you last night,
"Did you really—how was I dressed?"



"How beautiful you looked at the fancy ball, Maud."

"Think so?"

"Sure of it! You wore such a becoming mask."



A SMOKE DREAM.

Some Men I 'Av' Known.

By JANE, THE SLAVEY.

No. 3.—THE MAN WHO WALKS.

WALKIN'S like utter things. You want to use modderation, or else you find that at certain amount of charm gets worn off the parstime. I like walkin' meself—no one more so; but 'avin' 'ad a bit of iexperience in this particular line of thing, I've notised that there is walkin' and walkin'.

I was made to walk wen very young, to start with. When I say I was made to do so, I mean that with the very keen powers of observashun wat 'av' stuck to me ever since, I then—as a mere toddling baby—notised that if I didn't walk, I generally got pushed over or trodden on.

And by the same mode of procedure (I've seen this written sumwhere), I find that you still 'av' to keep on the go, wen you're out of penny fares, or you wuldn't stand a frog's chance.

But 'avin' studded the subjikt from all points, I feel that a word or two from me would not be out of place.

GIRL'S SAD FATE.

Per'aps no one else feels like this; but as far as I'm concerned, that doesn't matter a bit, because, 'avin' got the promise of money for writin' it, I'm goin' to get on with it, and if you don't think it's worth readin', turn over and get to some of the other excellent matter served up by our considerit Editor.

I once knew a girl wat was maimed fer life by gettin' ingaged to, marryin', and tourin' with the feller she'd set 'er 'eart on in the early years of 'er gentle girl'ood.

I never 'ad a gentle girl'ood meself. There wasn't time fer that sort of thing. As soon as I was in me girl'ood, I 'ad a whole cartload of me mutther's orfspring shuffled into me lap and around me knees, and 'ad to 'tend 'em like one to the manner born.

I'm afraid the manner born was a bit missin' now and again. But wat will you? 'Ow can people think it possible to put old 'eads on young shoulders?

Well, my friend loved, and was woood by this Mr. Pettifer—the walkist.

'E was knone all round the roads where 'e lived as a great walker, and yet, with that blindness witch is so much a part and parcel of Love's gifts, my dear girl friend never thort that in the future it would be two walkin' insted of one.

Of course, fer me own part, bein' fairly wise, and a bit versed in the self-sentered ways of the averidge man, I shuld 'av' settled the matter and fer all time before I married'im.

A CLINGING LITTLE THING.

But it was not so with Katey. She was one of those soft, gentle, **clingin'** little maidens, about as different from my sort as chalk from cheese. Well, the first I knew of enny serious trubble was wen she called upon me one afternoon, abart two months after she became Mrs. Pettifer.

I fergot to menshun that they went on a walkin' tour fer the 'unnymoon, and I thort at the time, if it 'ad bin me insted of Katey, 'e'd 'av' 'ad 'is work cut out to keep me erf the first train I set me eyes on.

But with Katey it was so differunt, and she startid off as good as gold, and never a murmer.

As I sed, it was abart two months after the wedding that I began to 'av' me doubts abart 'er perfikt 'appiness with Pettifer.

She called to see me, and I showed 'er in the kitchen, and asked 'er to sit down.

"May I?" she sed, in a w'isper.

"Of course! Why shuldn't you, child?"

"We 'ardly ever sit down at 'ome," she said, with a tremmer in 'er voice. (There's always a tremmer, only mine looks a bit different from the rest.)

"Wat's the idea?" I asks.

"Oh! John thinks it's a lazy 'abbit, and considers time better spent walkin' than sittin' down."

"'Ave you got enny chairs?"

"Yes; one or two."

HER POOR FEET.

I paused fer a moment, and looked at little Katey. She seemed to be much thinner, and I gasped as I glanced at 'er boots.

"Wat on earth 'av' you dun to yer feet, dear?" I sez, in surprise.

The boots were orl to peaces, and Katey went red in the face as I stood lookin'.

"I never 'av' a pair of decent boots now, Jenny. They can't keep 'em mended up quick enuf at the repairer's. I've just took three utther pairs worse than this down to be mended, and they'll orl be thrugh agen before they can mend these."

"Pettifer must be mad!" I sed, indignantly.

"Oh! no, Jenny dear. It's only 'is 'obby."

"'Obby be blowed!" I sed, with a sniff.

"Simply runnin' you orf yer legs, that's wat 'e's doin', Katey; and you're a simpleton if yer don't stop 'im."

"But I married 'im fer better or worse, dear," said Mrs. Pettifer, gently, "although I certinly do wish 'e wasn't quite so fond of bein' on 'is feet."

"'E ought to 'av' me fer 'is wife fer a week," I sez.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't be at all suited to one another, Jenny."

"I don't expect we should. But I can see John Pettifer willin' to go on 'is 'ands and knees fer the rest of 'is life after I'd 'ad 'im fer a week."

I was 'orribly indignant to see the pore little thing fadin' away before me very eyes; but she was infatuatid with the feller she'd marrid, and no words of mine could make 'er see wat a fat'e'd she was not to chuck the walkin' job.

Well, theirs is only one case where walkin' can becum' the stumblin' block of a buddin' life; and there are plenty of utthers, although John Pettifer is, I consider, the limit.

KATEY'S ONLY TROUBLE.

Katey's bin married four years now, and is the mutther of two fine children, both givin' promise of follerin' in their father's footsteps, for, to read a extrakt from one of poor Katey's letters to me, you'll see the trubble didn't stop with the father.

"I've quite a job to keep Benjamin orf 'is legs. 'E's only one and a 'alf, you know; but sumtimes I looze site of 'im orltogether, and the utther day I found 'e'd wandered out-of-doors as far as the Temperance Hotel."

As 'is footsteps 'ad took 'im in this derekshun, Katey may make sumthing of Benjamin yet; and as to 'er utther youngster, I think—akkordin' to wat she tells me—e never by any chance sits down.

I think if I was Katey I'd give up the 'ouse orltogether, and surgest to John that 'e rented a field sumwhere, and sort of went out to grass with his two kids.

I shall mention it to 'er next time I sees 'er; but it's quite likely she won't take my advice—she'll probberly think I'm tryin' to be funny.



BOATMAN (who has been relating some sea yarns): And you ought to know how it feels to be shipwrecked.

BINKS: I think I'll be able to tell you in a minute.

DR. PATTERSON'S PILLS

Are the best and safest remedy in the world. A Lady writes: "Dr. Patterson's Pills are a sure and safe treatment for Anemia, Irregularities etc., and are invaluable to females."

Prices 3/- and 5/- per box, post free.

FREE

Write to-day for free sample, and genuine testimonials. Guaranteed genuine under a penalty of £1,000.

THE MANAGERESS.

A. S. HYGIENIC STORES, Ltd.

95, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

'Phone: Regent 823.

Hours, 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.

RARE BOOKS, etc.

"Bride of the First Night," 1/6; Aristotle's "Works," 3/6; "All About Girls," 1/-; Chic Photos, Choice Samples, 1/-, 2/6, 5/- packet. 6 Cabinets, various positions, 1/6. List and 72 samples FREE. Also Surgical Goods List FREE.

A. S. CHARLES & CO.,
West Green Road, London, N.15

OUR LATEST NOVELTY GIVEN AWAY

To MARRIED or ADULT readers of the "Half Holiday" who write for our latest Price List of RUBBER GOODS, WHIRLING SPRAYS, and ALL PRO-RACE and SURGICAL APPLIANCES. ABSOLUTELY FREE, under plain sealed cover. WRITE NOW BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

W. GEORGE, Ltd. (Dept. M.B.)
10 & 21, Green St., Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2.

ANSTRUTHER'S WIFE.

"AND so," Anstruther's wife said, looking straight into his handsome, troubled face, "we are ruined, Hugh—quite ruined?"

"Yes, I am afraid so, Elizabeth," he answered wistfully. "I was a fool to dabble in those South American stocks, but I thought—I don't care so much for myself, I am thinking of you and the children—"

"Are you?"

The man's face flushed darkly, for the taunt had struck home.

"Bessie," he said hoarsely, "did you dream I should think of anyone else now? Bessie, don't look at me like that, my dear—don't."

"I am sorry you do not approve of my looks, Hugh. How should a mother look at the man who made his children penniless?"

"Elizabeth, you might be more generous to me."

"I am inclined to be just," Anstruther's wife replied icily. "Perhaps Miss Ellison will be generous."

"Perhaps she will," Hugh Anstruther said wearily. "I can but try, at least. Thank you, Elizabeth."

"You are welcome to the suggestion," Lady Elizabeth said, in a white heat of passion.

The woman of whom Lady Elizabeth Anstruther was jealous, and with some reason, sat in her sunny boudoir, overlooking first a strip of green garden and now ablaze with many sunflowers, and next the John's Wood Road. In the window-seat Hugh Anstruther lounged, having come to the end of a tale of excess and difficulties.

"What do you want me to do, Hughie?" Kitty Ellison asked, playing with her cat's silken coat.

Anstruther groaned.

"I thought you would advise me—"

"You thought perhaps I would go away with you and leave your wife to face the music," Kitty said deliberately. "Or perhaps you thought you would square her—with my money. You coward!"

"Yet," with sudden softness, "I can't quite hate you for it, Hughie, for old sake's sake. Is that Ronald Quhair passing in the road?"

"Yes, it is," Anstruther muttered.

Kitty Ellison went, laughing, to the window, and pressed her fingers to the passing rider. Then she came back and laid her hand on Anstruther's arm.

"Do you suppose she'd take a penny from me, Hughie?" she said. "Your wife, Lady Elizabeth, I mean."

"Would she? Honour bright, now."

"Good Heavens! no," groaned the man. "She'd starve—that is to say—I don't know why I should."

"Kitty, and that's the truth. I—I'll go now."

"Bye, my child. Confound it!"

He stood upright now, and gripped Kitty's slender arm with a force that hurt her horribly.

"Did you hear, Kitty? That's my wife's voice. I must get her away at once."

"My house is not good enough for her, I suppose," Kitty said, holding her pretty head high.

"Thank you, Hugh."

"Forgive me," Anstruther said, turning a very pale face to her. "But I must take Elizabeth away."

"Stay where you are," Kitty said imperiously. "I will see your wife myself."

"Kitty, are you mad? Let me go!"

"I will not keep her long," Kitty said, with a little laugh. "Our talk isn't likely to be so pleasant that it will blind us to the flight of time."

"Stay there until I come back, Mr. Anstruther."

She gave him a steady look, and Anstruther stopped back into the arm-chair, and there lay thoughtfully thinking, without noticing the second look Kitty gave him, or the precaution she observed of locking the boudoir door behind her.

Outside the door Kitty paused, and took a fold of her sea-green tea-gown between her fingers, looking at it contemptuously.

Then she glanced down at the small feet thrust into Turkish slippers and frowned a little. But there was a mirror opposite, and after one steady look in it at the masses of black hair falling pic-

turesquely on her shoulders; at the large blue eyes, shadowed by curling lashes, and at the soft red mouth, to which a poet had written exquisite verses, she drew a satisfied sigh, and went down to the room where Lady Elizabeth waited, gowned in unbecomingly black, and pale with anxiety.

"I have called for my husband, Miss Ellison. He has an important engagement at four o'clock, which must be my apology for this intrusion."

Kitty put her hand to her heart suddenly, as it its hurried beating troubled her.

"Your husband is here," she said. "We were talking over his affairs. I was just going to make him an offer, Lady Elizabeth."

"Indeed?"

"I was going to tell him that he need not be a beggar a moment longer; that I would work my fingers to the bone for him"—Kitty was sobbing now—"sing myself dumb for him. Anything, anything—only I have never had a chance."

"You have the chance now," Lady Elizabeth said, speaking between her lips. "Why do you not take it?"

"I haven't it," Kitty cried. "I never had it—never once. I was only a makeshift—a makeshift for you."

"For me?"

"Do you mean to say you never knew it?" Kitty Ellison cried passionately. "It was always you—always. He came to me when you were hard on him; never else. And I loved him so; and he thought I was only a thing to kiss and hang his jewels on—and I loved him so!"

"Oh!" Lady Elizabeth gasped, "and I never knew."

"No," Kitty said with a sob, "that is the way with you good women—you don't see, we do. Hughie found that I understood at once, and I was useful to him; so, when he needed comfort, when you had none to give him, Lady Elizabeth—How dare you look at me so? Are you going to faint here, in my house, Lady Elizabeth? You'd better not."

But Lady Elizabeth's faintness had passed off; and now she sprang up, and in spite of Kitty's shrinking back, drew the angry face to her, and kissed the flaming cheeks once and twice.

"You good woman!" she whispered; "you good woman!" and then without another word she turned and went quietly downstairs.

At the hall-door Kitty's voice made her turn her head.

"But your husband—Hughie?"

"I trust Hughie to you."

And Lady Elizabeth went on her way.

Kitty Ellison choked back another sob and went back into the room where Anstruther was waiting.

"I have told James to call you a taxi," she said. "Come, Hughie—yes," as she stood up with an inquiring look at her, "it is good-bye."

"My wife—"

Hugh Anstruther broke off abruptly and red-dened.

But the colour on Kitty's cheek did not alter at this allusion, and the light in her eyes deepened a little.

"Yes—your wife," she said quietly. "Go home to her, you happy, happy man! Go home and make it up with her."

"What?"

"Ah! now you are growing stupid, and you must go. Shake hands, Hughie—but understand—no kissing."

"Not for old sake's sake, Kitty?"

"No," Kitty laughed, though her lips were quivering. "Go home to your Bessie, and be very happy, Hughie. I am going to be happy too, in my own peculiar way. I am going to marry Lord Ronald Quhair."

"Kitty—"

"Hughie, why not? Now, I must say good-bye."

There were tears in the man's eyes as he turned away and dropped her hand; but the woman's eyes were dry and bright. And not then, nor at any other time, did Kitty, the future Lady Quhair, make moan for what she had given up for Hugh Anstruther's graceless sake.

But Elizabeth Anstruther knew.

QUITS.

Said a young and tactless husband
To his inexperienced wife;

"If you would but give up leading
Such a fashionable life,

And devote more time to cooking—
How to mix and when to bake—

Then, perhaps, you might make pastry,
Such as mother used to make."

And the wife, resenting, answered
(For the worm will turn, you know):

"If you would but give up horses
And a score of clubs or so,

To devote more time to business—
When to buy and what to stake—

Then, perhaps, you might make money,
Such as father used to make."



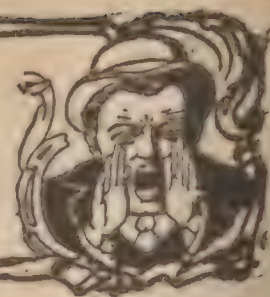
FARMER: How came ye t' fall in, mister?

MISTER (sarcastically): I didn't come to fall in—a fish pushed me in.



BETTING BY SYSTEM

"VICTOR" EXPLAINS HOW TO MAKE MONEY



In these articles various methods
of Making Money by System are
:: :: described weekly. :: ::

A GREAT number of people who take a passing interest in racing look upon the "sport of Kings" as being merely an amusement which must be paid for in just the same way as holidays, going to the theatre or playing tennis must be paid for.

The majority of them regard the idea of making racing pay, with amusement.

Too Much Profit Expected.

One of the chief reasons for this trend of thought is that the average backer of horses expects far too much profit from his investments.

It is the exception, rather than the rule, to find a punter who is content with a reasonable profit, especially so as regards the little punter.

The idea of investing £5 on a horse with the hope of winning, say, £7 10s., is an undertaking which he would regard as being ludicrous.

Unbusinesslike Methods.

This notion is far removed from being businesslike. Presuming that he was a tradesman, and a customer enters his shop to purchase an article from him the fair value of which would be £7 10s., leaving him a margin of profit of £2 10s., surely he would not dream of asking £10 for the article and run the risk of losing his customer?

Why, then, in all fairness, should he expect to get 200 or 300 per cent. profit by racing?

What the Professional Punter Expects.

The professional punter is quite satisfied if he can show but a small return for his outlay, knowing, as he does, that the substance is far greater than the shadow.

The whole art of betting can be summed up in a few words; the combination of will-power with a reasonable system of staking.

More money enters the coffers of the bookmakers annually from bad staking and lack of will-power than by losing sequences.

People Who Unconsciously Work Systems.

Certain punters there are who, whilst vigorously opposing all schemes, blandly inform us that they follow a certain newspaper's selections through thick and thin. If this is not systematic betting, the writer would be glad to know what is.

How often does one hear the remark after the close of a day's racing, "I ought to have backed such and such to have two losing runs in succession, they do so?" The reason is obvious. It was simply and solely because their will-power failed them, thereby stalling them off their system horse.

A Racing Paradox.

At first glance it might appear to be something in the nature of a paradox to attempt to find winners by basing your selection upon losers.

It is the exception, rather than the rule, for newspaper "nap" selections to have two losing runs in succession, that is, with only one winner dividing them.

Quite a remunerative system can be worked in the following manner.

Look out for a newspaper whose nap selection has lost for a few days in succession, and as soon as a winner is tipped back his following "naps" until a profit of three points is shown.

Making a Losing Run.

For the purpose of getting a losing run, odds-on winners are counted as non-runners. All the information you require for the working of this system is continued in most of the racing editions of the evening papers. A system of staking, which can be devised to suit your own individual requirements, is the only other factor which is wanted to ensure success in the working of this simple system.

"A Bird in the Hand . . ."

Endeavour to be always satisfied with apparently small profits, and try to remember that even if the price of a winner you have backed is only evens, you are getting 100 per cent. profit to your initial outlay on that particular winner, an amount of gain which would be considered colossal in any ordinary business transaction.

As soon as sufficient control of our will-power has been reached to quell our desires for exorbitant profits we can then safely regard ourselves as being on the safe road to materially increase our bank balances in so far as racing is concerned.

REPLIES TO READERS ON RACING TOPICS.

Conducted by "VICTOR."

Please Note.—All questions must be plainly written, and the reader's name and address must accompany every query.

Readers must give a pen-name, or initials, whereby they will easily recognise their answer in this column.

NOVICE (Buxton).—Your method of staking is unique. Best wishes for a continuance of your success.

LARKHILL.—He cannot now claim the apprentice allowance of 5 lbs.

AUSSIE.—Expensive stationery does not always denote a reliable firm.

CORKER.—(1) Yes; (2) we have no recollection of such an event ever being contested.

PRINCESS P.—The cause of your ultimate failure was probably due to your own fault in not sticking strictly to your system from the very beginning.

SIREN.—Quite correct. Carry on as you have been doing.

LATIMER.—There is no information available as to the amount he won over the Derby.

SARACEN.—Jockeys are not supposed to bet.

MARGY.—His riding weight is 7 st. 10 lbs.

P. M. G.—Frank Wootton rode the horse you mention on that occasion, and the price was 11 to 2.

KINK.—The Duke of Cambridge Handicap is run at Newmarket's first July meeting.

MUMTAZ.—His time was two seconds below known records.

LOTTIE (Epping).—Any bookmaker will work the system you mention for you.

BOBBY B.—The stewards of the Jockey Club control Newmarket meetings.

L. L. L.—He only rode over hurdles once during the whole of his career.

ISLE OF K.—Tracery has been sent to the Cobham stud.

LIMPET.—The horse was disqualified through carrying wrong weight.

SARDONIC.—(1) You should have complained to the nearest course policeman; (2) those sort of things often occur.

MOLLY DOW.—Although those times are past, the remembrance of them is very comforting. Perhaps circumstances will soon allow them to resume.

MORTIMER, S. S.—Why trouble? There's another day to-morrow.

Wise and Otherwise.

Man strives to keep cool; women look cool.

Give the devil his due. If you don't there is the devil to pay.

People who are suspicious always find what they are looking for.

A woman's figure, like her age, is sometimes a doubtful quantity.

When a woman has a train of thought it's apt to be an unlimited express.

A man may have a fondness for widows, and still feel that a Miss is as good as a Mrs.

The only man who really deserves our pity is the one who doesn't know how to laugh.

The easier it is to pump a man the less the information you may get out of him is worth.

A woman may be as young as she feels, but she is generally older than she thinks she looks.

Only a man whose foolishness exceeds his bravery would ever attempt to stop the runaway tongue of a woman.

There is a certain brand of Christian who feels that paying pew rent entitles him to a reserved seat in Heaven.

The man who boasts of his wickedness is seldom to be believed any more than the man who prates of his piety.



A HOME FROM A HOME.

SEASIDE LANDLADY: Oh, yes, sir. You'll be quite comfortable here. Thousands have slept in this bed.

JULY 21, 1923.



JACK: I'm absolutely unworthy of
JILL: Stick to that idea and we'll
along fine.



JONES: Are you married, Brown?
BROWN: Oh, yes, I've been married
twelve months.
JONES: Lucky bouncer; I'm mar-
ried for life!



WILL: Last night when I accepted Jack I thought he'd never stop kissing me.
JILL: Yes—that's the way he always does it.



1st CLUBMAN: So your wife is suing for a divorce—did she meet her affinity while she was away?
2nd DITTO: No; but she met mine when she returned.



AFTER THE CARNIVAL.
How the king came home.

A GRAND COUP.



FOLLOWING is a brief story of man's guile and woman's weakness, illustrative of the relative morality of the pernicious rich and those who are virtuous though poor. It is an old-fashioned theme and of late the cynic has mocked at it, but I, who am country-born and bred, know how true are the things I propose to here set down.

Samuel Stenton was the only son of a moneylender, and he was reared in the heart of the City of London by the housekeeper of his father, the old man having no time for anything but business. It so engaged his every waking hour that he could not bring himself to reside in a suburb, and the boy was never encouraged to waste the precious hours in outings of any description.

To him the joys of an excursion to the seaside were unknown, and of green fields and pastures fresh and sweet he had only the knowledge to be acquired by surreptitious reading of cheap books which he occasionally bought with odd pence the housekeeper gave him.

Stenton senior looked upon pocket-money as a destructive medium to the young and he declined all through his life to put temptation in the way of his only son.

There was some mystery about Samuel's mother, especially relating to the time when she cast off her mortal coil. The housekeeper could have cleared the air in that respect, but she never did. An unwarrantable indulgence in rump steak and onions for supper, combined with previous steady application to alcoholic liquors, led to her being found dead one morning in her bed.

The elder Stenton must have appreciated her services very keenly, for he evidently felt her loss deeply, and after many futile efforts to find a fitting successor, and meanwhile shuffling along with the aid of sundry unendurable charwomen, he too passed away, leaving no will, and Samuel inherited his considerable all.

Father Stenton having been a remarkably shrewd man, it followed in the natural order of things that his son should be a bit of a fool. There are exceptions to this rule, of course, but they are far from being general.

Samuel was twenty-one when his father died, and having come into his lawful possessions, he proceeded to gratify a secret longing for country life. He bought the Warrens Estate near Twinkleton and took possession of it.

In the village there dwelt a maiden and her widowed mother; surname of both, Barker—Christian name of the maiden, Fanny.

She was as fair as the budding rose, and she was keeping company with a hulking underkeeper, Ben Rogers, who one day caught the new squire in close communion with Fanny in a dell where the harebells grew. Ben did not reveal his presence then, but he had an interesting conversation with Fanny afterwards, during a long walk in the evening.

It was late and the moon was up when the two simple rustic lovers parted by the gate of the widow's garden.

"Ye mind, then," said Ben, "you and me have to look to ourselves. I doan't get on with Shallock, our head keeper, and the sack means I shall hev to work in the fields. I couldn't stummick that."

"I don't want to be a labourer's wife," returned Fanny quietly.

"No, lass, and you shan't be one," rejoined Ben with lumbering gaiety, "if you work the squire right. I've got my eye on a sportin' public in Ipsdean, and two hundred pounds will be enough to take it. The brewer and spirit chaps finds the rest of the money. Heavens! what good times we can have there! You'll have lots of company and there's no work to speak of—nuthin' to do but to draw beer and serve out spirits all day long. Good-night, lass. Ye mind now what to do."

The girl had slipped inside the gate and closed it after her.

"Yes, yes, Ben," she said hurriedly. "Good night."

The squire is after Ben's wench," the men were

saying, and the men dumbly grinned. There was no sense of outraged virtue among these humble folk.

It was a tit-bit for gossip and gave relish to their simple meals as they discussed it. The one source of wonder arose from the fact that Ben went about as usual, apparently unconscious of what was going on. Indeed, he seemed to be quite happy, having acquired a continuous grin, dimly suggestive of abiding joy and sweet contentment.

The crash came! One morning it flashed though the village, as if every inhabitant had been an instrument of wireless telegraphy, that the squire had disappeared from the Warrens and Fanny was gone from her home. Twinkleton was in a high state of festivity and rejoicing. A stranger would have thought that a local carnival was taking place.

The next day Ben honoured his manhood by resigning—"chucking up" was the local term—his position of underkeeper. In commemoration of his freedom he got gloriously drunk and went for Bill Shallock, assaulting him so grievously that the police were called in and Ben was introduced to a magistrate, who, by reason of his own personal gallantries, had no patience with indignant virtuous peasants.

He sent Ben to prison for a month, without the option of a fine.

The month in limbo rather upset the arrangements Ben had been making for his future welfare and prosperity. But he had faith in Fanny looking after his interests, and ate his skilly and picked his oakum with stolid resignation.

The month expired and he came out of Ipsdean Prison, shorn as to his hair, but buoyant in spirits. He walked back to the village of Twinkleton to learn what news there was of Fanny.

Probably he would find a letter at the home of the widowed mother. Failing that, he was open to more beery consolation to be accepted with prudence, so that he did not renew his acquaintance with a cell and its attendant inconveniences.

Here and there in the cottage-gardens a woman was sitting sewing, or weeding the flower-beds. He passed them without a word, and they made no effort to stop him. On arriving at the widow's cottage he found it was empty and silent. The very furniture had disappeared. Wondering what it all meant, Ben hied away to the Red Deer to consult the landlord, who, in the matter of gossip, was a bit of an old woman.

"What's become of Widow Barker?" demanded Ben.

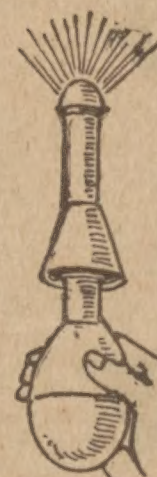


FATHER: Look here, Maud, you'll have to do some work. Since you've got the dote you've only loafed around.

MAUD: But I don't want to work, dad. I want to get into a Government office again.

Jimmy: Ah, my pa's gone to Ramsate for a month.

Willy: Pooh! that's nothing to crow about. Why, my pa's gone to Port-land for ten years, and it ain't going to cost him nothing, and he's going to earn sculpture work, too.



LADIES!

Every Lady should use the Hygienic Whirling Spray Syringe (Reg. 357,207). Best, safest, and most convenient. Price 10/6, post free (usually sold at 15/-). IT CLEANSES INSTANTLY.

Send at once for descriptive booklet, "Hygiene for Ladies." Post free from the Managers, A.S. HYGIENIC STORES, Ltd.,

95, Charing Cross Rd., London, W.C.2.

Phone: Regent 323. Hours, 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.

SURGICAL APPLIANCES.

ALL OUR GOODS ARE WARRANTED RELIABLE.

We send to Adults only, best value for any remittance, and guarantee every article to be perfect. We sell the most reliable goods only. Complete list of all kinds of Surgical Goods sent post free to Adults only. Call or write.

Hours: 9 a.m. till 8 p.m.

GEORGE'S SURGICAL & DRUG STORES, LTD. (A. S. Dept.),

10 and 21, Green Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2.

Please mention this paper when replying to advertisements.

"She's gone away," replied the landlord. "I do hear she's got a house down by the sea somewhere, to take in lodgers."

"That wants money," said Ben.

"The squire purvides everything," replied the landlord; "he ain't a bad sort, and it's a pity he won't come back here again."

"Not come back?"

Ben stared at his informant as if he had been hit with a brick.

"The Warrens is up for sale, in the hands of agents."

"Steady a moment," groaned Ben; "gimme a pint of beer. I want a drink."

The liquor was placed before him, and he drank two-thirds of it.

"Now go on," he said—"what's come of Fanny?"

"Don't you know?" returned the landlord, grinning; "but in course you mayn't have heard in that place yonder. The squire be a softy. She's married him."

"The cussed onnateral little devil!" gasped Ben; "she's done me. Why, I—she—public at Ipsdean—squire to pay up—why, damn the two on 'em! What do they mean by a-swindling me?"

The landlord of the Red Deer dropped into a chair he kept for restful moments in the bar, and laughed until his sides ached, and the glasses on the shelves jingled soft twinkling melody, as an accompaniment to his mirth.

He saw how things had worked out, and his elation was past the average of human joy. There would be something to talk about in his house that night.

Ben glared at him, and took up the pewter pot with the obvious intention of hurling it at the head of the merry fat man, but the memory of recent skilly and oakum experiences stayed his hand, and changing his mind, he did no more than drink up the beer and hurry off without paying for it.

* * * * *

Fanny rides and drives in the park, accompanied by her devoted husband. Society jibbed at the pair at first, and the best of it will never recognise her. There is, however, a certain section of it which realises that Samuel Stenton is very rich and not adverse to an occasional hand at cards, and his wife, though originally crude, is coming along. Above all else, she is no fool!

—)o(—

WHY SHE REFUSED.

"Mary refused to marry you, then? Fancy that. But why on earth didn't you tell her about your rich uncle?"

"I did."

"Didn't that make any difference?"

"Oh, yes! Mary's my aunt now."

—)o(—

HIS LORDSHIP'S RELATIONS.

One of Lal Brough's best friends was J. L. Toole, the famous comedian. While playing in "Dearer Than Life," it was necessary for Lal Brough and Toole to visit a West End photographer's in the rags they wore on the stage.

On the way back Toole suggested a joke, and Lal Brough was willing. They went up to the door of a mansion and pulled the bell loudly. A magnificent flunkie threw open the door and demanded their business.

"Is his lordship in?" asked Toole.

"No, certainly not," said the footman haughtily.

"Can't we see him?" asked Toole, in an appealing manner.

"Go away at once!" said the man, "or I shall send for the police."

"Well," said Toole, "if you don't let us see him, please let him know that his cousins from the workhouse called this afternoon."

MARRIED LOVE.

By DR. MARIE STOPES.

PRICE 6s. POST FREE.

Wise Parenthood ... (post free) 3/6
Radiant Motherhood ... 6/-

The Control of Motherhood, by J. P. Gair ... 6/-
Knowledge for a Young Woman " ... 4/6
Knowledge for a Young Man " ... 4/6
Marriage and Birth Control, by Brenda Barwon 6/6
Aristotle's Works ... (post free) 3/6
Love Ethics, by John Hurstcot ... 3/6
Book of Nature, by Dr. Faulkner (post free) 2/6

Write or call. Messrs. A.S. RENDELL & Co., Publishers, 8, Green St., Leicester Sq., London, W.C.2.

CATALOGUE FREE.



"And how long were you a prisoner?"

"Five years, mum."

"But the war didn't last five years."

"Who's speaking about the war, mum?"



ROYALTY.

AS I write these lines there is being played at the Royalty Theatre one of the best-acted and most amusing plays in London. (Of course, that may not be everybody's opinion; but, up to now, I have found very few to disagree with me.)

COMEDY OF BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

The play in question, "At Mrs. Beam's," is, in brief, a comedy of boarding-house life. As everybody will admit (I think) there is nothing funnier than some of the types you meet at boarding-houses. I know, because I have stayed in 'em, and, therefore, I was not altogether surprised to find that, at last, Mr. C. K. Munro, the gifted author, has given us a series of screamingly funny stage boarding-house characters which so many of us will recognise—and chortle all the more.

WHAT THE BOARDERS SUSPECTED.

Mrs. Beam is the lady who keeps the boarding-house. Among her paying guests are Mr. Dermott (joyously played by Dennis Eddie) and Miss Pasquale. The boarders, after talking the matter over, came to the conclusion that Mr. Dermott is nothing more or less than a very much-wanted murderer, whose special line is females. They also come to certain conclusions about Miss Pasquale, who is either Spanish or French, or a bit of both. The chief gossip of Mrs. Beam's is a Miss Shoe, which convulsively funny character is played by Miss Jean Cadell with positive genius.

LEFT IN THE CART.

Mr. Dermott, for his own particular purpose (which need not be revealed here) leads Miss Shoe "up the garden" with such skill that this dear scandal-mongering spinster is, at the finish, left beautifully "in the cart," so to speak. But before

Gossip from — Stage-Land



this happens we get a crowd of screamingly funny incidents, and every one of them a feast of laughter.

The acting is superlatively good, and to watch Miss Pasquale flirting with two men at the same time and Mr. Dermott "carrying on" with Mrs. Stone and Miss Shoe is a sight that will make you forget for a time all the worries of this woeful world. If you are fond of great acting, sparkling dialogue, and real-to-life humour don't miss "At Mrs. Beam's." If you are not—well, perhaps it would be just as well to see a vet and discover whether you can't be cured. And that's that.

—)o(—

THE NEW OXFORD.

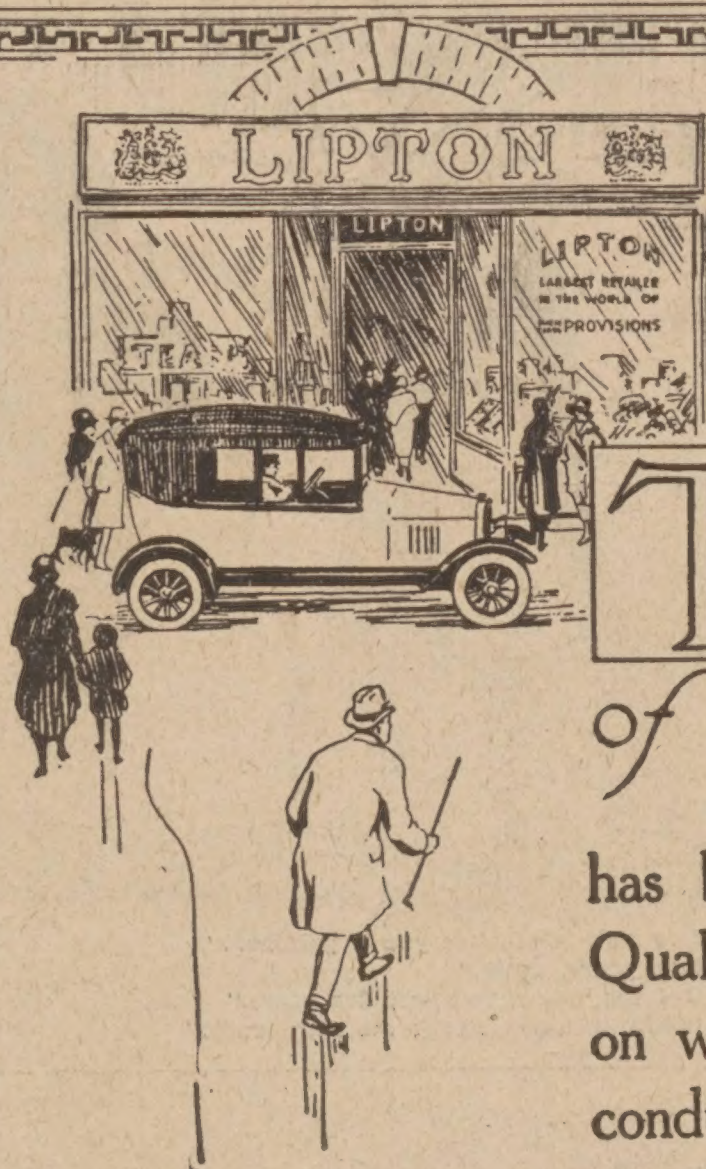
June as "Little Nellie Kelly."

June, who has danced and sang herself into the first rank of fame, by her impersonation of "Little Nellie Kelly," Mr. Cochran's production at the New Oxford Theatre, although only 21, has had the unique distinction of having her portrait three times exhibited at the Royal Academy. She is the daughter of that well-known and talented actor R. Tripp Edgar, who is now playing at the Little Theatre in "The 9 O'clock Revue." June has been before the public since she was a child, when, as "Little June," she captured all hearts. Do not be surprised if, before long, she makes a sensational marriage with a celebrity.

—)o(—

THE LYCEUM.

Bransby Williams, in "The Lyons Mail," proves that he is a worthy successor of Sir Henry Irving in this old-time favourite. We hope to see this talented and versatile actor in more ambitious roles still. "The Lyons Mail" is certainly an assured success, although, to the modern generation of playgoers, the play seems a little old-fashioned.



The keystone of Lipton's success

has been Quality — and to-day —
Quality ranks first in the principle
on which LIPTON'S business is
conducted. LIPTON'S take a
personal pride in the excellence
of everything they supply for the
table. Judge for yourselves how
well that ideal is maintained in
all you buy from LIPTON'S

LIPTON'S

Tea Planters, Ceylon

THE LARGEST TEA GROWERS, MANUFACTURERS
AND RETAILERS OF FOOD PRODUCTS IN THE WORLD

HEAD OFFICE: CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1
Branches and Agencies throughout the United Kingdom